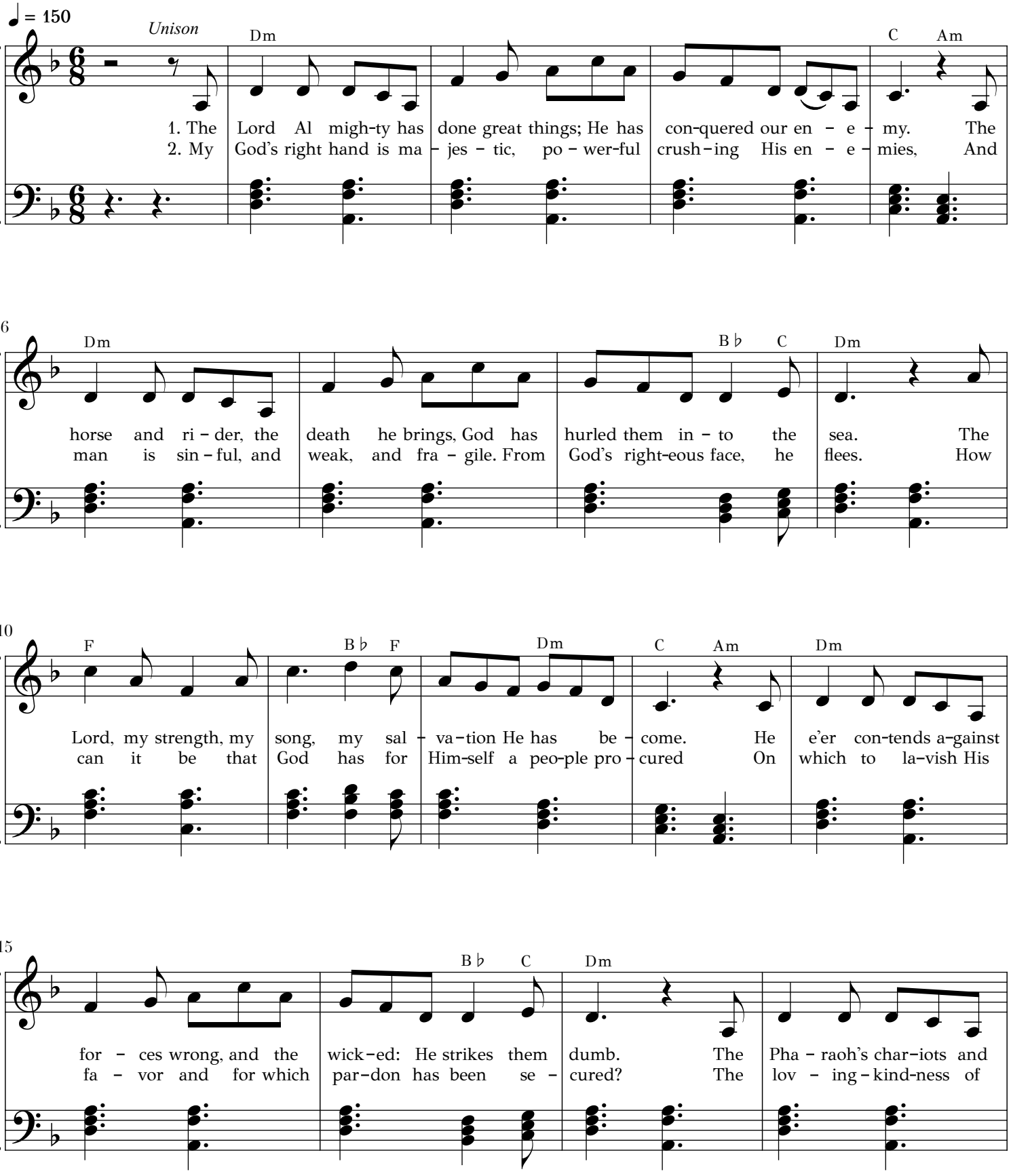
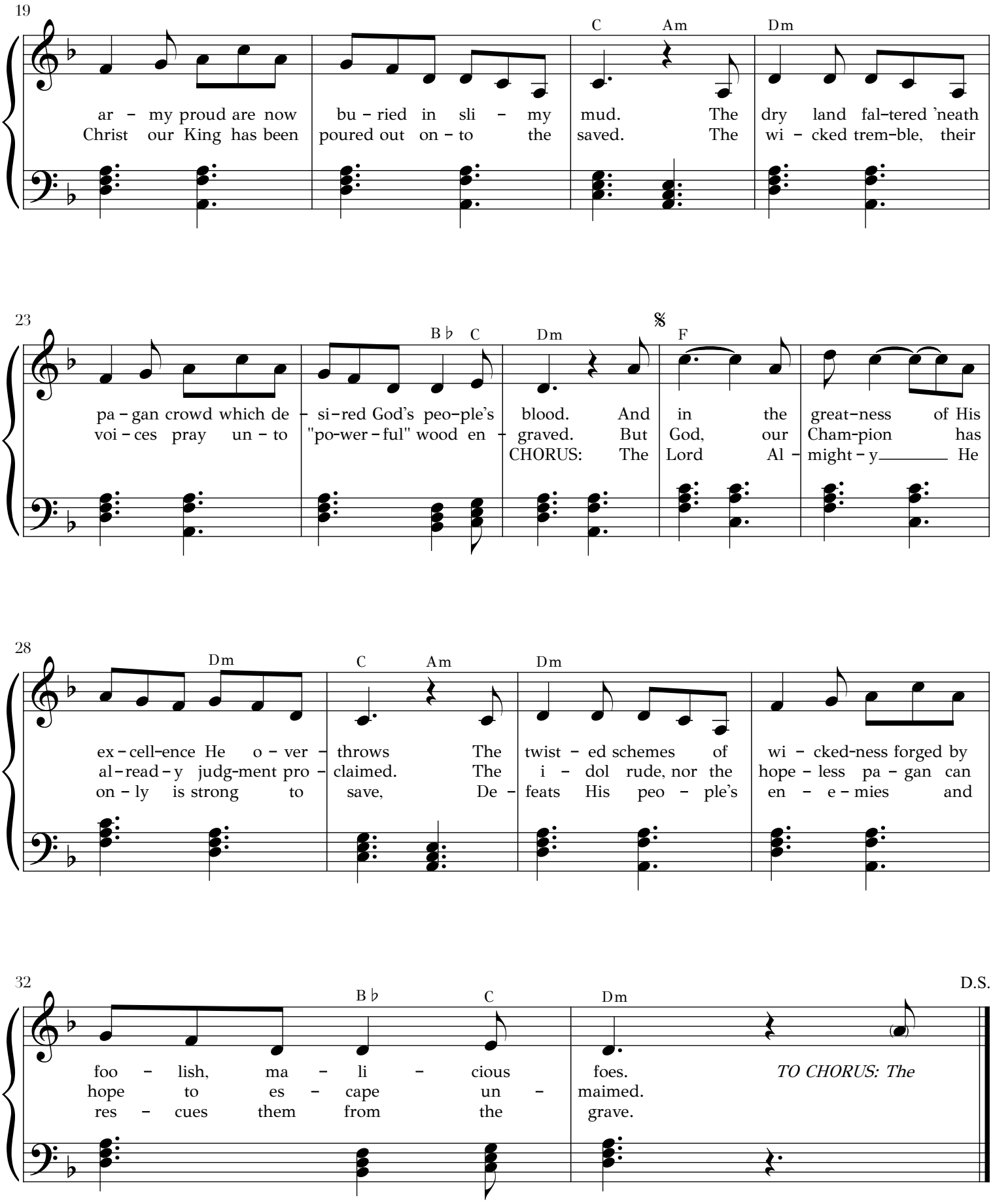
The Horse And Rider

CLAUDY BANKS

Jason Reeves

Gustav Holst




19
C
Am
Dm
ar – my proud are now bu – ried in sli – my mud. The dry land fal–tered 'neath
Christ our King has been poured out on – to the saved. The wi – cked trem–ble, their
23
B♭
C
Dm
𝄋
F
pa – gan crowd which de – si–red God's peo–ple's blood. And in the great–ness of His
voi – ces pray un – to "po–wer – ful" wood en – graved. But God, our Cham–pion has
CHORUS: The Lord Al – might – y He
28
Dm
C
Am
Dm
ex – cell–ence He o – ver – throws The twist – ed schemes of wi – cked–ness forged by
al – read – y judg–ment pro – claimed. The i – dol rude, nor the hope – less pa – gan can
on – ly is strong to save, De – feats His peo – ple's en – e – mies and
32
B♭
C
Dm
D.S.
foo – lish, ma – li – cious foes. TO CHORUS: The
hope to es – cape un – maimed.
res – cues them from the grave.